

ascended the throne, and Wells wrote more than half of his books after Edward died, both men representing that point of intersection between Victorian and Modern, and both express in their lives and works the preoccupation of that time; like the Webbs and Galsworthy and Forster, they carried the advanced ideas of the late-Victorian reformers into the twentieth century, and watched them grow out-of-date and useless there. *Polymaths* because they believed that man could seize knowledge in a wide embrace, and that through much knowing he could affect the future of his species, and earn a place in the story. Both were humanists in the most generous and impressive sense, engaging themselves in human affairs as agents rather than as critics. They suffered, to use Shaw's term, from *Weltverbesserungswahn*—a rage to better the world.

Since their medium was the written word, they were both polemicists in everything they wrote. There is no useful distinction to be made between Shaw's prefaces and his plays, or between the Wells of *Tono-Bungay* and the Wells of *The Open Conspiracy*—all are polemical, for if one aspires to turn words into actions, then all words are equally instrumental. (This is what Virginia Woolf found so unsatisfactory in Wells's novels: "in order to complete them it seems necessary to do something—to join a society, or more desperately, to write a cheque". Mrs. Woolf did not include Shaw among her bad Edwardian examples, but she might have—she was as guilty of what she condemned as Wells was.)

The effect of polemical intentions on judgment is nicely illustrated in the relations between Shaw and Wells and Henry James. Both men quarrelled with James, and neither understood what he was getting at. Shaw, writing to explain why the Incorporated Stage Society was rejecting a James play, said:

I, as a socialist, have had to preach, as much as anyone, the enormous power of the environment as a dead destiny. We can change it: we must change it: there is absolutely no other sense in life than the work of changing it....

and he urged James to forsake art and join with the forces of change. And Wells, though admired by James, cruelly attacked him in *Howards End*, and later, mulling over his relations with the Master, concluded that James "had no idea of the possible use of the novel as a help to conduct". To which James would no doubt have replied that Wells had no idea that the novel might nobly exist without uses.

It might be argued—and indeed it has been argued—that in both men

the polemicist eventually dominated the artist. One could find considerable evidence for this view in their later writings, and especially in those vast works of the 1920s, *Back to Methuselah* and *The World of William Child*—two distended, ill-constructed, undramatic monsters over which Creative Evolution and The Open Conspiracy have spread like some dreadful Wellian plague, and have left imagination quite dead.

But even in such cases, the canons of aesthetics seem inadequate bases for condemnation. "You cannot be an artist", Shaw wrote in an early letter, "until you have contracted yourself with the limits of your art." Neither he nor Wells found that contraction easy, and it is a necessary condition of just judgment of either writer that the critic realize that the limits of the art cannot be held. One must see Wells, not as a spoiled Dickens, but *sub generis*, as a complete Wells; and similarly with Shaw. The coordinates of art are too strict to contain them, and to say simply that *Back to Methuselah* is a bad play, or *William Child* a bad novel, is to have missed the point. Perhaps an aesthetics of polemics is what is called for.

On the other hand, one must not let a preoccupation with polemical concerns blind one to essential excellences in both writers. There must be many readers of Shaw who first discovered that discursive prose could be pleasurable by reading his prefaces, and who learnt there the meaning of style. And though no one is likely to miss the fact that Shaw was a gifted comic dramatist, it is worth noting that he was at least as good in comic narrative: "The Life and Death of Uncle William", for example, in Shaw's preface to *Immaturity* is as good as Sterne. And in Wells, behind and below the myths of science and the satirical grotesques of society, lies a gift for particularizing ordinariness and ingenuously new actualities that makes the comparison with Dickens legitimate.

The polemical road may lead to fame—artists don't visit Stalin, but polemicists do, and both Shaw and Wells did—but it also leads to disappointment. These two men had set out to change the world, and how far had they succeeded? Shaw had played his part in the Fabian Society, and had lived to see the Labour Party governing England; but how many of the words he wrote had touched that change? And did he admire what socialism had come to? Wells had imposed his views of history on more people than any other historian ever reached, and by writing frankly about sex, and frankly living his convictions, he had

contributed to the sexual revolution in this century; but these were not the achievements he had imagined.

No, in spite of their endeavours, mankind remained unreformed. "Man is so far a failure as a political animal", Shaw observed, and Wells, in a novella of the 1930s, has a psychiatrist darkly conclude: "Man is still what he was. Inevitably bestial, envious, malicious, greedy. Man, Sir, unmasked and disillusioned, is the same fearful, snarling, fighting beast he was a hundred thousand years ago. These are no metaphors. Sir, What I tell you is the monstrous reality."

It was as though *The Island of Doctor Moreau* had come true.

One must conclude that both men lived too long. They belonged to the Edwardian era, when optimism was still possible, and they lived to see the failure of their hopes. "I have produced no permanent impression", Shaw once said, "because nobody has ever believed me"; and almost nobody ever did. And Wells, said sadly, near the end of his life, that he was tired of talking in parables to a world engaged in destroying itself.

But if both had a sense of ultimate failure, they expressed it very differently, and the difference points to a fundamental difference of temperament. Compare, for example, the epiphany that they imagined for themselves. Shaw's was to be

He Jacet

BERNARD SHAW

Who the devil was he?

while Wells proposed for his own,

"God damn you all. I told you so".

There was a cosmic indifference in Shaw that made it possible for him to contemplate being forgotten, and even to provide for that eventuality in his will. It was not coldness (though careless men mistook it for that), for Shaw had, if not a warm heart, then a warm intellect; it was, rather, an abnormal tolerance for reality. Wells didn't have it—the actual made him furious (perhaps one does not invent futures unless the present is intolerable), and he spent his life—both his public life and his private one—in trying to exchange new worlds for old. And it was Wells who came in the end to despair: "his last book, *Mind at the End of Its Tether*, is a cry of anguish and pain, like that last Martian howling alone on Primrose Hill in *The War of the Worlds*. Whereas Shaw, like one of his Ancients, waited for death with at most a slight irritation that it was so long in coming."

If Shaw and Wells, viewed as artists, rank below the very greatest, this is partly because they refused to

be merely artists, and partly because they nevertheless, in spite of their best, Shaw is one of the Great Irishmen, and shares the ambience of Joyce and Yeats, and Wells's novels are in the greatest English tradition; if neither is at the top, yet both are in honoured company. Shaw himself said: "Either I shall be remembered as a playwright as long as Aristophanes and Molière, or I shall be a forgotten clown before the end of the century." But there is a third possibility: to be remembered as a man who was great in the multitudinousness of his imagination, and who realized his greatness in the amplitude of his work. Writing of Charles Doughty, Shaw remarked that "there must have been something majestic or gigantic about the man that made him classic in himself". Perhaps that is the best way to treat Shaw and Wells, as giants who were classics in themselves. Few men of letters have lived so fully engaged lives in the world, and put that fullness into their work, so that here one can rightly say that the work is the man. The truest and most useful judgment of either will be that which encompasses the life and the work together, as one record of a great imagination.

Of the four books under review, only one fully meets that standard. Lovat Dickson's *H. G. Wells* is a true and sensitive account of Wells's life, written with elegance and generosity. Mr. Dickson has made use of the Wells-Macmillan files, to which his position as a publisher has given him special access, and though this gives the firm of Macmillan a somewhat inflated role in the narrative, it provides valuable social history and one would not wish the account abridged. Admirers of Wells may feel that Mr. Dickson has been too severe in some of his judgments—that Wells was a man "who did not know what intellectual rigour was", and who was inherently incapable of clear, rational thinking, but that, on the other hand, "he was all brains and very little heart"—and not everyone will share his quirky admirations (for *The Undying Fire*, for example), but these are the marks of a clear and individual critical intelligence at work, and the book is a fine and permanent addition to Wells criticism and biography.

If the principles sketched above for judging Wells have any validity, then it should follow that a book titled *Structure in Four Novels by H. G. Wells* will not be adequate to its subject. And that is indeed the case. Mr. Newell discusses a "framework of abstract thinking" in *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay*, and *The History of Mr. Polly*, but his method demonstrates nothing so clearly as that it is the wrong method; he has sealed off

the books from Wells and his books, and has made them seem less alive than they are. The novels have never had the attention that Wells's science fiction has, and it is good to see what may be a critical shift of interest.

It is difficult to write objectively about a book that is at once both pretensions, but the following points may be made quite objectively of Mr. Colin Wilson's *Bernard Shaw*, that it is careless in its documentation, wrong-headed in its critical judgments, confused in its style, and clumsy and humorous in its style. When one considers that the subject of the book was one of the most rational, witty and stylish in writing he did, then the offence is doubly so. Mr. Wilson seems to have been misled by Mr. Shaw's own self-deception. His "reassessment" does not seem to be based on any materials, though without an index or bibliography, and with only a few uncertain footnotes for guidance, one cannot be sure. His sources appear to be standard published sources, and though this is a perfectly reasonable way of going about a reassessment of a major writer, it puts a burden on the author, and whatever is new in his book comes out of his own head. And in these terms Mr. Wilson performs badly. For he takes Shaw to task as a philosopher in the School of Wilson, and so turns a witty and unpredictable genius into a limp messiah of Creative Evolution. He caps his performance with a chapter entitled "My own part in the matter", in which he explains his kinship with Shaw and other Conservatives, who would agree with Mr. Powell on the whole range of controversial issues which he has aired up in recent years. Many of his arguments, who share his views on immigration have simply failed to study or understand his views on other favourite topics, such as defence, foreign policy, economics and capital punishment. Mr. Foot is surely right, nevertheless, in arguing that his first open attempt to seize party leadership (at the internal election in 1965) was seriously injured even if futile. There is therefore at least a prima facie case for his argument that Mr. Powell was subsequently engaged in a search for a theme which would set the countenances of his supporters alight and identify him as its champion. Churchill, and he found the theme in immigration and race relations.

There is no reason to suppose that Chappelow's *Shaw* "The Chaff Out" except its enormous size. Like Mr. Chappelow's earlier *Shaw the Villager*, this book is a collection of biographical materials and opinions, often trivial but, because the source is Shaw, usually interesting—for instance, the text of Shaw's printed postcards, and the versions of his will. It is a book for the convinced Shawian, by a convinced Shawian: copious, scholarly, a bit eccentric in its evident affection, but accurate and useful. It would have been approved.

No doubt he would also approve of the definitive edition of the works which The Bodley Head has announced. The edition, in six or seven volumes, will contain all the two of the plays Shaw included in his official canon, the prefaces, index of characters and of subjects discussed. Volume One, containing "Pleasant" and "Pleasant Plays", is promised for 1970.

Cromwellian rhetoric

PAUL FOOT: *The Rise of Enoch Powell*, 143pp. Corgi. 30s. Penguin. 4s.

Human relations are perhaps best when they are least discussed, because when they are discussed, they are taken for granted. By this standard, race relations in Britain are now very bad and getting continuously worse. The blame does not, of course, lie exclusively with Mr. Enoch Powell, as suggest. But at the very least, judged by the same standard, he has done nothing to improve race relations. Since he is undeniably a most intelligent man, who cannot be supposed to have acted without deliberation, the questions arise, what were his motives and intention? Mr. Paul Foot has no hesitation about giving the answers: his principal motive was opportunism and his intention was to capture the leadership of the Conservative Party.

If Mr. Foot's diagnosis is correct, then it seems that Mr. Powell has made a great error of judgment. It is hardly conceivable now that he could ever lead the Conservative Party as at present constituted. The way he could achieve—and that only if the Conservatives were to meet at the next General Election—would be to split the party and lead a sizable lump of it. Even that is unlikely, because there are not many Conservatives who would agree with Mr. Powell on the whole range of controversial issues which he has aired up in recent years. Many of his arguments, who share his views on immigration have simply failed to study or understand his views on other favourite topics, such as defence, foreign policy, economics and capital punishment. Mr. Foot is surely right, nevertheless, in arguing that his first open attempt to seize party leadership (at the internal election in 1965) was seriously injured even if futile. There is therefore at least a prima facie case for his argument that Mr. Powell was subsequently engaged in a search for a theme which would set the countenances of his supporters alight and identify him as its champion. Churchill, and he found the theme in immigration and race relations.

To prove the charge of opportunism Mr. Foot has carried out prodigious research. He has studied not only Hansard and the national press but also the local press in Wolverhampton, the recollections of many interested persons, and other material. To be exact in this quest has meant not turning up the positive evidence which Mr. Powell has said and

done but also identifying the occasions when he said and did nothing. For it is Mr. Foot's contention that Mr. Powell was really a dilettante in this field of controversy—much later than other parliamentarians, such as Sir Cyril Osborne, and later than the editor of the *Wolverhampton Express and Star*, the local newspaper in his own constituency. It must be admitted that not all such evidence is silent; the local press cannot always be relied on confidently to report remarks by a local M.P., even on themes in which the press itself purports to be deeply interested. Still, there can be no doubt that Mr. Foot makes out a strong case.

The story begins in India at the end of the Second World War, with preservation, if not the expansion, of the British Empire. It traces his gradual, painful acceptance of the dissolution of the Empire, followed by his growing distaste for the Commonwealth. The watershed came somewhere between 1960, when he acknowledged the "wind of change" without disapproval, and 1964, when he wrote (anonymously) that "the Commonwealth is a gigantic farce". His earliest reference to 1956, and follow what was then the orthodox line: he was against any limitation, for which he declared that "very few people would say the time had yet come". Mr. Foot rightly notes the verbal ambiguity about his own position, but he surely could not have been understood as including himself at that time among the "very few". As for racial discrimination, in 1964 Mr. Powell still declared that he would set his face "like flint against making any difference between one citizen of this country and another on grounds of his origin". With this statement Mr. Foot contrasts words uttered in 1967: to deny that "there is any difference between those who belong to this country and those others was to deny 'an undeniable truth'".

In fact there is no formal inconsistency between the last two quotations. "Making any difference" clearly means treating people differently, which is not the same as recognizing that they are different. (Shakespeare made the same point in another context: "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds".) The point is not without significance, because Mr. Powell uses language with scrupulous care, and it is by minute examination of his phraseology that Mr. Foot seeks to convict him. The gravamen of his charge is not simply that Mr. Powell became interested in race and

immigration solely because he thought they would win votes, but also, that every time his rhetoric forced the leaders of his party to shift their ground in his direction, he raised his own bid. First there must be control; then there must be lighter control; then dependants must be excluded; finally there must be repatriation. Moreover, greater and greater urgency must be injected into the debate, if only because in the long run it becomes meaningless to talk of "repatriating" those born in this country. Not without some justification, Mr. Foot argues that even Mr. Heath's statements on immigration have grown firmer as Mr. Powell's have grown more strident and far-reaching.

Mr. Foot's work is impressive, passionate, and almost, but not quite, convincing. It hangs together, rather like a work of historical detection, but somehow it is inconclusive: as if it were to be argued that Oliver Cromwell—a character very like Mr. Powell—decided on the execution of Charles I in order to court popularity. There is in fact only one man who can say whether Mr. Foot has got his answers right—indeed, only one man entirely competent to review this book at all—and that is Mr. Powell. If he were to do so, he would have no difficulty in finding a number of flaws in it; but they too would probably be inconclusive.

Mr. Foot is often hasty and careless in presenting and interpreting evidence. For example, he reproduces a table which, he says, "shows that in every area of social welfare the cost per head is higher for the total population than it is for the immigrant population". A mere glance at the table refutes the claim: of the three headings in it, under one (education and child care) the table shows exactly the reverse. Mr. Foot is also unreliable about the 1957 Rent Act and its consequences, for which he blames Mr. Powell personally. He fails to see that it was rent restriction, not its absence, that made *Rachmanism* possible; and he flatly declares that the incoming Labour Government "promptly repealed" the Act, which is simply untrue.

There are other cases in which his animosity against capitalism and the Conservative Party carries him into error. Mr. Powell would not find it difficult to pick them out. But the errors do not by themselves invalidate Mr. Foot's general thesis that Mr. Powell is an opportunist and not a man of principle. Only Mr. Powell can do that; and although the challenge is formidable, the task cannot yet be described as impossible.

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Bavarian oratory

JOSEF STRAUSS: *Challenge and Response*. Translated by Henry Fox. 176pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

Mr. Strauss is one of the most influential figures in present-day German politics, an impression which he does little to dispel and which the present book merely helps to reinforce. He is a man of considerable intellect and formal education, who dissociates himself deeply from "intellectuals". The party apparatus in *Challenge and Response*, ranging from Franz Josef to George Ball, may, in fact, belong to his research assistant, but he does not appear out of place in it. Ever since he became Minister of Defence a year later, he has been closely associated with the technologically most sophisticated of German industry and is to be seen as its spokesman. Yet, in public, he publicly identifies himself with those sectors of opinion which are in sympathy with the twentieth century. It is significant that in the Bundestag election his party was in some cases improved, its rural constituencies, while

losing heavily in the metropolitan areas of Munich and Nuremberg.

He is a staunch Bavarian patriot, and an evident enthusiast for Europe, but the one thing he is not interested in—as the book makes plain—is a revived German nation-state. Yet his stump oratory is full of nationalistic overtones—designed to appeal to just the sentiments he claims to regard as superseded—and the ranks of the Christian Social Union are filled with sometimes highly dubious ex-Sudeten agitators; though it is obvious he cares no more for the "lost territories" than did Adenauer, and for much the same reason. Nothing illustrated his dilemma—that of the statesman nursing his hillbilly constituency—better than the crisis over the revocation of the Deutschmark. He resisted this step, which was self-evidently in the interests of European economic stability, in deference to Pöhl's objections and in the vocabulary of outraged national dignity.

However, his hillbills do not read books, and it is to his other constituency, that of the technocrats, that *Challenge and Response* is evidently addressed. Strauss's concern with the political and strategic independ-

ence of Europe, based on distrust of America and fear of Russia, has given rise to his reputation as "Gaulist", though he certainly is not Gaulist either on the question of European supra-nationalism or on Britain's role in it. But "Gaulism" does illuminate his view of the Far East. The Yellow Peril is a paper dragon; and in so far as it is not, it should be harnessed to give the Russians nightmares. There is even a sly hint of a Bonn-Peking axis as the counterweight in a new equilibrium.

Where Herr Strauss is, to put it mildly, unperceptive is in his assessment of Russian policy. Because the Soviet version of détente has strings attached, that does not mean it is hypocritical in intent; and while the invasion of Czechoslovakia demonstrates Soviet ruthlessness, it is less convincing as proof of Soviet expansionism. This underestimates hostility to Russia is all the more surprising in the light of his utopian view of a united Europe which would ultimately include what he calls the "cordon Stalpaire".

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From ideology to sociology

PIERRE SORLIN: *The Soviet People and Their Society*. Translated by Daniel Weissbrodt. 290pp. Puffin Books. £2.10p.

G. V. OSIPOV (Editor): *Town, Country and People*. 260pp. Tavistock. £2.15s.

Popularization which avoids the pitfalls both of propaganda and of sensationalism is an art in which French writers easily surpass their British and American colleagues; and a good reason for translating M. Sorlin's book is that no comparable work in English exists on this level. He makes no pretence of writing history, but has set out to trace in historical perspective what has made Soviet society as it is today. It is addressed to that somewhat uncertain entity, the general reader. For the specialist or the advanced student, M. Sorlin skips over too many points; and, while a bibliography of modest dimensions is provided, there are no references, so that possibly rash statements cannot be traced back to their sources. But the general picture is fair and illuminating. Praise is accorded to Russian achievements given ungrudgingly; and the severest criticism avoids the impression of a desire to score points.

Speaking of the question of wages, M. Sorlin remarks that "every comparison with the West automatically distorts the picture—positively or negatively, depending on the observer's viewpoint". The remark has a wider application. The book takes the Soviet Union, so to speak, on its own terms, and does not attempt to put its policies, its institutions, or its people, for good or evil, against their western counterparts. Many features can be singled out in which Russian society resembles that of the West:

The bureaucracy is self-perpetuating. A few workers' sons move into this category if they are gifted. All officials' children find places in offices, however unqualified they may be. In spite of all the government's attempts to reverse this trend, people who are not manual workers enjoy greater prestige than those who are, and they support one another in order not to lose this status.

By and large, however, conditions are too different to make comparisons fruitful. M. Sorlin stresses the immense mobility of the Soviet population over the past fifty years, the

spread of education, the desire to learn, the belief in the possibilities of improvement, and the paradoxical attitude to authority—cynical yet submissive—which made it possible for an admiration of Stalin to survive even in the period of his worst atrocities.

A book of this kind inevitably contains a few mistakes, and many oversimplified statements which require qualification. It may be literally true that "the government bureaucracy played a much more effective role than most party members". But, if this implies that the government machine was more powerful than the party machine, it is wholly false. The treatment is also rather uneven. M. Sorlin is excellent on changes and movements of population; and he makes a good job at the difficult task of unravelling the different strands which make up the fabric of Soviet society. He is perfunctory on the collectivization of agriculture, and seems to overestimate the very small success enjoyed by the policy of mobilizing poor peasants against kulaks. He has little—and nothing new—to say about the experiences of the Second World War, but is excellent on the process of recovery after it. In an unloquacious conclusion he notes, as others have done, the decay of ideology.

The Soviet people are delighted with their leaders' promises of substantial improvements in the years to come, but as consumers and not as communists that they experience these emotions. But the final note struck is one of the uncertainty of prediction. Soviet society "is unique and cannot be defined in terms of any other".

Mr. Osipov's book is the second in a series of "Studies in Soviet Society". It is reasonable to assume that one of the purposes of these publications in English is to demonstrate that sociology, once a banned subject in Russia, has made great strides since the foundation of a Soviet Sociological Association in 1953. This is indeed a welcome development, especially since Soviet sociology, on the showing of these volumes, seems predominantly pragmatic, less encumbered than current western sociology with methodological theory and jargon, American or Marxist, and more closely geared to the problems of the economy.

The previous volume was devoted to industry and labour; the present one concentrates on problems of population and the countryside. The demographic studies are not very sophisticated, and revolve round familiar topics such as falling birth-rate and sharply falling mortality. Incidentally, it is surely not true to say that Malthusians differ from Marxists by attributing population growth to biological laws. The law invoked by Malthus was economic in character, but was assumed to be universal, whereas Marx assumed population movements to be related to a particular economy. Some of the studies pursued by Soviet sociologists (and also by western sociologists) seem to be done for their own sake rather than for any significance that can be discovered in them, e.g., for how long, and in what conditions,

married couples have been acquainted with each other before marriage.

The most interesting and important papers are those dealing with rural life. These depict a rural society whose standards of living, social services and amenities, especially education and technical qualifications, have improved out of all recognition since the Second World War, but still lag, though no longer at an unapproachable distance, behind those of the towns. The studies all appear to relate to European Russia. Elsewhere the picture would be rather different, though the progress also remarkable. What one misses, however, is any serious attempt to diagnose and cope with abuses and hindrances to progress. One investigation of a district not

far from Moscow concludes:

Naturally the authors were not able to deal with the complex problems that confront the district. They are aware of this and many of them are conscious of the country as a whole. There are problems to be resolved in agriculture which are much in evidence in the district with its unfavourable soil and soil, and there is the lag of development of the village economy of the town in cultural matters. There are many other social problems.

Why not tell us something about these problems? It is not that wishes to discredit the immense progress that has been made, or to unduly on shortcomings. But on the functions of the sociology, surely to discover difficulties, obstacles as a first step towards mounting them. Here western sociology still enjoys a distinct advantage.

Satellites since Stalin

FRANÇOIS FEJTO: *Histoire des démocraties populaires*. Vol. 2: *Après Staline, 1953-1988*. 534pp. Paris: Le Seuil. 36fr.

François Fejtő, Hungarian-born and now a French citizen, has written a sequel to his history of the people's democracies in the Stalin era, which was published in 1952. The task of carrying on the story of the Eastern European countries from the death of Stalin to the present day has, for obvious reasons, proved far more tricky and more arduous. In the earlier period the eccentric figure of Tito, breathing out defiance of Moscow and delicately balanced between East and West, did not seriously mar the unity of the picture. Throughout the other people's democracies, beneath every variation of economic status, political tradition, and inclination, a single predominant pattern could be traced. By and large, Moscow called the tune, and it was everywhere the same tune.

The situation which M. Fejtő confronts in his second volume is one of almost infinite diversity, frustrating any attempt to present a clear and consistent pattern. It was China rather than Yugoslavia which made

irreparable the rent in the seamless garment of Marxism-Leninism; for the defection of China was a deadly blow to the power, as well as to the ideological prestige, of Russia. But Chinese influence in Eastern Europe has been insignificant, or at best indirect. As M. Fejtő points out, the Chinese revolution has made a far larger impact on the western than on the eastern communist parties. This may be partly because the West had far closer ties, territorial and commercial, with China, but partly also because Chinese relations with the people's democracies were all too plainly nothing more than the reverse side of Chinese relations with Russia. In 1956 Mao appeared to encourage the Polish champions of independence; in 1958 he applauded more loudly than anyone the execution of Nagy; ten years later China denounced with equal vehemence the invasion of Czechoslovakia. All this made very little sense in Eastern European terms.

M. Fejtő is right in seeing the revival of nationalism and the strength of national culture as a distinguishing mark of these years. But even this has its ambiguities and obscurities. How much of the old inter-necine nationalism which bedevilled

Central and Eastern Europe in the wars still simmers beneath the surface, ready to burst forth. Russian pressures are removed, difficult to guess. A question hangs even over the future of Yugoslavia after the death and withdrawal of Tito. The rapid and comprehensive spread of education throughout this area (as elsewhere) must have revolutionary consequences which can as yet be assessed.

Nor, however much bonds have loosened in the past few years, can the overwhelming power and influence of the Russian money be left for a moment out of calculation. M. Fejtő, writing directly after last year's election in Czechoslovakia, concludes by saying at Moscow, and recording hope that "the next Dubček arise at the nerve-centre of the East". This, like much of the book, necessarily remains a speculation. But, for the moment, M. Fejtő has performed a valuable service in setting down as much information as is available about events, developments and people in the people's democracies since the death of Stalin. To expect a definitive study at this stage would be premature.

Between East and West

DAVID CHILDS: *East Germany*. 286pp. Ernest Benn. £2.5s.

There is no uniform pattern in Benn's "Nations of the Modern World" series. Compared, for instance, with the elegant, historical sweep of Professor Michael Balfour's companion volume on West Germany, Dr. Childs has given us a rather pedestrian compendium of information. But then, the German Democratic Republic is that sort of state; like the mule it has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. It shares some of the mule's other qualities—obstinacy, hard work and a grey, unprepossessing exterior. But it is unquestionably "there", an empirical fact which it is now permissible to mention aloud even in the Federal Republic.

The D.D.R. is also a state about which there is a remarkable amount of legend and relatively little hard information, a situation which is partly the fault of the D.D.R. authorities who can never make up their minds whether or not they want foreigners to find out about them. In concentrating on fact—detailed and up-to-date, presented with scepticism but without prejudice—Dr. Childs has produced an indispensable work of reference.

The most remarkable aspect of the D.D.R.'s consolidation in the past few years has been economic progress. Its per capita production is one and a half times that of the Soviet

Union, though still less than that of West Germany or, of course, the United States. Three-quarters of its foreign trade is with the Soviet bloc and the Third World—i.e., where it does Russia most good; but the very size of its contribution to the socialist camp's economy now gives it some leverage even with the Soviet Union; the days of colonial status are, it seems, over.

The way in which the economic reforms were carried out was typical of the D.D.R. Not until Liberman and Nemchinov had shown that some reliance on the price mechanism and on flexible programming were ideologically acceptable did the D.D.R. decide to adopt these devices. Once they did adopt them, they applied them with characteristic thoroughness and spectacular success. What many readers would have found illuminating is some comparison between the East German and Czech experiences of economic liberalization. Why did the Czechs think that political liberalization was a necessary condition of this development, while the East Germans managed without? The question is central to one of Dr. Childs's main theses: the rather confident prophecy that "such progress must mean in East Germany, as surely as in the Soviet Union, a democracy which is worthy of the economic, social and educational progress".

Political repression, probably aggravated but surely not caused by

Western non-recognition, remains the dark side of the regime. A little relaxation accompanied growing prosperity was not enough after the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Indeed, it is arguable that the standards of living make the regime more bearable, just as the unceasing educational progress can, within limits, dispense with intellectual freedom. In the arts and the humanities, East Germany has made no small contribution, and its best writers have either been purged (Gang Harich, Robert Havemann) or have gone to the West (Ernst Blass, Hans Mayer, Alfred Kasper). Dr. Childs quotes Ingrid Ochsner, at one time one of the stars of the Distel cabaret: "As a doctor, a technician one can live fairly well in the D.D.R., as a writer or artist one has to prostitute oneself."

Dr. Childs succeeds in putting record straight on a number of important topics, giving credit where it is due. He rightly stresses whether the D.D.R. becomes a pleasant place to live in will depend partly on whether West Germany reverses its dogmatic policies of the Adenauer period. But the hopes which places in "the new, rising sun" are, thoughtful, flexible and capable competent young people unburdened by the mistakes and animosities of the past must, in light of recent disappointments, remain hopes.

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Studies in British Art are published by the Paul Mellon Foundation for British Art in association with Routledge and Kegan Paul Ltd., Broadway House, Carter Lane, London, EC4 from whom a prospectus is available. The series is published in the USA by Pantheon Books who will issue the volume next year.

John Gilmour

Pre-Raphaelite Pygmalion complex

DIANA HOLMAN-HUNT: *My Grandfather, His Wives and Lovers*, 307pp, £2.5s. My Grandmothers and I, 208pp, £2.2s. Hamish Hamilton.

The mouthfuls are shaken out of Grandfather's head ("red-gold and silky") and we rattle along in his wake: this year in Chelsea, that in Florence, or Oxford, or Syria, cornering sharply the grim of his emotional involvements. Compulsively driven on, we cannot stop the narrative and get off: the book is unput-downable. Miss Holman-Hunt does not claim to deal authoritatively with the painter but to tell the story of his private life: "to appeal to the ordinary reader interested in extraordinary men". Fair enough, but she succeeds in more for she manages to keep the artist to the fore, unlike many biographers who make us wonder how their subject (Shelley, for instance) ever got any work done at all. Hunt could write

to F. C. Stephens of the passion which burnt within him and his fear that "they would burst out by contact with unlawful tinder into an unholy flame", but, complicated as his emotional life is here shown to have been in early years, he was first and foremost a dedicated artist. When anxious to find a wife prepared to share the rigours of camping out in the desert, he tells John Bradley, a friend in Florence about whom we should like to be told more, that he is prepared "to put aside his work for a fortnight" to come and look over possible candidates. No wonder he was eventually taken in matrimony by Edith Vaughan, his deceased wife's sister, who had had her eye on him—and that beard—ever since he first came to the house some ten years before with Thomas Woolner, then courting another sister, a source of considerable inter-cousin family strife later.

Miss Holman-Hunt's account of Hunt's visit to the Holy Land to obtain the authentic background for "The Sepulchre" is excellent—she must have waded through that mass of cross-correspondence with Stephens at the Bodleian—and she makes the point that he may have been conscience-stricken by Carlyle's attack on "The Light of the World" as utterly alien to Pre-Raphaelite principles: "do you suppose that Jesus walked about bedizened in priestly robes... with yon jewels on his breast?" Once out there, after labyrinthine farewells, he endured hardships and danger with complete sang-froid and fortitude (it is strange how the Victorians, or for that matter the Elizabethans, who wept so easily, faced danger with such unparalleled courage) even if to modern taste his behaviour-pattern is uncomfortably reminiscent of an Empire-builder in caricature. "When another sheik held up the cavalcade and shouted 'Dismount', and instructed his men to seize the mules, Hunt rode straight up to him and quietly announced that the moment anyone touched a bridle he would shoot him dead", and when the Arab boys torment the fowls they bring along, he lays about him readily with a corbush.

The heart of the book (in every sense) is the new material about Hunt's relations with Annie Miller: a girl he discovered in the Chelsea slums who provided the female ideal,

young, poor, innocent or at least ignorant, but always lovely, who was to be educated and then rewarded with a wedding ring. It was a Victorian Pygmalion-complex to which the Pre-Raphaelites were particularly prone: in different ways Watts and Ruskin and Shields and Madox Brown all felt victims to it and did not find Coventry Patmore's promise fulfilled.

And all the wisdom that she has is to love him for being wise...

As Hunt's own practice was to draw his models in the nude and then add clothes, it is no wonder he tried to restrict Annie's sitting for other painters and worried frantically over what was happening in his absence abroad. In the end he got off lightly, though he did not think so at the time, as she refused to marry him and only blackmailed him very mildly. She became the wife of a cousin of the notorious Lord Ranelagh (one of her lovers), thus emulating the heroine of Hardy's poem, "Ruined", rather than that of Rossetti's picture, "Found".

Acknowledgments at the beginning of the book are full and generous but it is not enough in any serious work to have a blanket "Note on Sources" without further indication of them in the text. Footnotes should indicate whether material is unpublished, wholly or in part, and, by courtesy, where it has already been used. Which letters

here from Millais have been published, and what from the legends and what from the "Calcutta" incident, appeared in 1941 in a volume of *Texas Studies*. If anything extra has been found, it should be made clear.

Some slips are worth noting as the book is likely to go through further editions. The architect of Oxford Union was Benjamin Disraeli, not the flower at the novice in "Convent Thoughts"; the flower at the novice was not a daisy but a flower (it would be); W. M. W. did not throw up his Coleridge post for journalism, he was both (fortunately for the arts) a family who depended upon the "Morgan" in New York.

Pierpoint, not Pierpoint, a name which many have run into and what is the evidence? Thomas Combe, printer to the variety, introduced the daughter, groom Burden to Rossetti at friends? Were they holding horses' heads in Holywell? Any art historian writing a life of Holman Hunt will have to take notice of the stories here about men behind the painters and the very acute comments made by them, and we must be grateful to publishers for at the same time issuing Miss Holman-Hunt's able conversation-piece of the *Grandmothers and I*.

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A boon to me, as it will be to others. *Hugh Trevor-Roper, Sunday Times*, 70s. The companion volume, *Chronology of the Modern World* now in new, revised edition 60s.

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Rhyming radical

Selected Essays of Hugh MacDiarmid. Edited by Duncan Glen. 252pp. Cape, 38s.

Mr. Duncan Glen has performed a very useful service for all students of modern Scottish literature by bringing together these essays, which cover forty-six years of Hugh MacDiarmid's life as a great journalist of ideas. The prose is that of the Lowland Scots speaking voice, digressive, improvisatory, sometimes slow and prolix, at once homely and formal—it is nearly always "Mr. T. S. Eliot" and the late Mr. So-and-so"—and leaning heavily on large blocks of quotation. One of the most interesting essays is the opening one, "The Politics and Poetry of Hugh MacDiarmid", which was first published pseudonymously as an article and then as a pamphlet by "Arthur Leslie". MacDiarmid has written so much—for much of his life he was an exceedingly copious and competent working journalist—and has had such a range of enthusiasms and activities, of friendships and enmities, that probably he alone could have had the material for such an essay at his command.

As an introduction, this essay, written in 1952, signposts the reader very helpfully through the bewildering variety of the rest of the volume. The important central stress is on MacDiarmid's working-class roots, which led him naturally, not by a sudden conversion, to communism, but also on his anti-populism—or one might say today his anti-"pop"-ism. He wants poetry to be direct, he wants it to be what Auden calls "a midwife to society", but he does not believe that "nothing should be written save what is intelligible to the mass of the people, and that consequently there should be no learned allusions or highbrow difficulties". The Marxist critic, though condemn-

ing the aesthete who seems to believe that all art exists in a vacuum, "must yet show that art is something more than the 'ideological' representation of class forces in society". Born in the late Victorian age, MacDiarmid possesses the virtues of the best type of late Victorian working-class radical: political struggle and the struggle of the poet with his material are both, for him, part of a strenuous and unending process of self-education.

With this first essay—one of the best sustained expository pieces that MacDiarmid has written—to guide him, the reader will realize why MacDiarmid professes the direct, conscious, working-class nationalism of Robert Fergusson to Burns's pose as the untutored ploughman. It seems strange at first that the earliest essay in the book, one written in 1923, should be a sympathetic and detailed comparison between a Russian and a Scottish natural theologian. But theology, in Scotland, has traditionally been an intellectual discipline; and critics have noted frequently a strain of mysticism in MacDiarmid and how often the word "God" occurs in the poems of this dogmatic atheist. In both of these theologians, the younger MacDiarmid is seeking out a cosmic vision. The last essay in the book (written in 1967) is called "Poetry and Science", but the view of science and its roots and its functions is not that of positivism:

The effective alternative to Mr. Muir's "belief in eternity which is natural to man" is Mr. Santayana's "primal and universal religion, the religion of will, the faith which life has in itself because it is life and in its aims, because it is moving them". "The heart and mystery of matter lies in the seas of things, sentina rectum, and in the customary cycles of their transformation."

The writer of 1923 and the writer of 1967 are not really so far away from each other: read piecemeal, in periodicals as they came out, MacDiarmid's essays often seemed to be pursuing a zig-zag path, embracing in turn diagonal opposites. He thinks,

indeed, in one of the most interesting earlier essays in this book, "The Caledonian Anti-zigzag and the Gaelic Idea" (1931-32) that this is the way the Scottish mind works. But when one looks at the zig-zag paths from above, as Mr. Glen's selection enables us to do, one is less surprised by the apparent contradictions, which one expected anyway, than by a remarkable long-range consistency of direction.

It is consistent that MacDiarmid should both praise one Scottish poet, John Singer, for his working-class rootedness, and in a letter more intimate and touching than most of his prose recommend another young poet to read Heidegger. Critical judgments that at first seem very eccentric, like the exaltation of Doughty and the denigration of Hopkins, are perfectly comprehensible in the light of MacDiarmid's general philosophy. Nor is it surprising that this working-class Marxist critic should write so sympathetically not only of the Quixotic socialist, Cunningham Graham, but of that least socially committed of writers, Norman Douglas. Douglas was committed, at least, to the methods of natural science; and Marxist critics, much as they hate the bourgeoisie, have often had a sneaking sympathy for an aristocrat.

Mr. Duncan Glen has done a very good job as an editor, though it is to be regretted that he has failed to track down the exact source of some of the most interesting quotations—like those from Stephen McKenna on Munster Gaelic writing, and its deplorable "kailyard" side, in the essay "Towards a Celtic Front". Mr. Glen's great triumph, however, is to give us a sense of the unity of MacDiarmid's mind; and to give us a sense that, however paradoxical and cantankerous that mind may seem, in its listing of minor Scottish worthies and in its clinging to small feuds, it is a mind that has grappled, through a long life, with what are still living issues.

The power of fancy

J. F. BURROWS: *Jane Austen's Emma*. 132pp. Sydney University Press. London: Methuen, 26s.

W. A. CRAIK: *Jane Austen in her Time*. 192pp. Nelson. £2.2s.

As an analysis in depth of *Emma*, stressing every subtlety and underlining every shade of meaning, Mr. Burrows's *Jane Austen's Emma* makes fascinating reading for the enthusiast. Sometimes, however, a horrid doubt arises: perhaps the goddess threads of Jane Austen's infinitely delicate pattern are of too fragile stuff to stand up well to such relentlessly thorough handling. In his book on the early Victorian novelists Lord David Cecil has subjected *Wuthering Heights* to similar but shorter analysis. Of course, *Emma* is in its own way as much of a masterpiece as *Wuthering Heights*; there is, however, a toughness and roughness about *Wuthering Heights* that makes it more suitable material for such treatment.

Perhaps, however, it is unkind to question the raison d'être of a book at once so scholarly and so enjoyable. Mr. Burrows makes a particularly interesting point when he shows how *Emma* is, in essence, a sophisticated variation on the unstable theme of *Northanger Abbey*. In both novels the heroine is what Mr. Burrows describes as an "imaginist", or in Mr. Knightley's more elegant phrase, a "person under the power of fancy and whim". Emma's flights of fancy about Harriet Smith's love affairs are about as far from the reality as the Gothic fantasies. Again, in *Emma*, the majority of the novel is judged by Mr. Burrows as a whole, not intended to be the spokesman

for and apotheosis of Jane Austen's own values. So long as we persist in regarding Mr. Knightley as "an unflinching lodestone" and not as a fallible human being, "for so long as this it is hard to accept that *Emma* fully deserves its reputation as a masterpiece".

Mr. Burrows presupposes that his readers know all, and rather more than all, there is to know about Jane Austen; Dr. Craik, on the contrary, treats her as almost wholly ignorant

both of Jane Austen and of her period. In an appendix to *Jane Austen in her Time* she gives a synopsis of each of the novels while in the main body of the book she supplies a mass of information about the manner of daily life in the early nineteenth century, some of it irrelevant to her subject and most of it common knowledge to the educated reader. It is all amusing enough but it does not add up to anything of importance.

A Bloomsbury squib

LYTTON STRACHEY: *Emyntrude and Esmeralda*. 48pp. Anthony Blond. 20s. Queen Victoria. 257pp. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

Before settling down to write *Emyntrude* Lytton Strachey threw off this diminutive novel or *taedie* as he called it. *Emyntrude* and *Esmeralda* consist of an exchange of letters between two Edwardian young ladies who were completely ignorant of the facts of life, frantically curious about them and evidently eager to experience them. Inevitably one of the writers has a handsome brother with a tutor who has a taste for Grecian habits.

The whole is briskly written and could most fairly be described as moderately enjoyable. The weakest part is the description of the servants, who are really dummies except below the girdle. This perhaps illustrates how Strachey and indeed Bloomsbury as a whole judged by the standards of "superficial" standards things and persons which they did not understand. We have only to compare Strachey's "Henry" with Henry Green's Raunce in *Loving—* there was many an occasion when I went up to Mamselle's boudoir to give her a long bonjour—to realize the power of imagination in Mr. Green and its absence in this squib of Strachey's.

We are told that Bloomsbury when they read this book were convulsed with giggles. That may well have been the case. Lytton Strachey might have been wise to remember some words of a man whom he admired (Horace Walpole): "I do not love to expose my limping skeleton to giggledom." The little book was written for Henry Lamb who, unlike the gentry of Bloomsbury, was no giggler. Alas! we shall never know what that fine, perceptive man with his discriminating judgment of books thought of this little production. How refreshing to see that Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, in which genius banishes giggledom, is enjoying its twenty-first printing.

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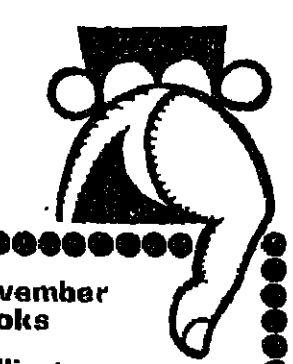
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not appear on the title page of this facsimile, as Dickens's collaborator. The eleven Crick-hank plates are well reproduced.

Social Studies

RIDGWAY, R. *Relax and Relaxation*. 117pp. Routledge, and Kegan Paul, 18s. (Paperback, 9s.)

This volume in the "Library of Social Work" series explores the significance of role behaviour in personal relationships. On the whole it is a lucid and stimulating introductory text showing how the concept of roles, which is primarily a sociological tool, can be useful to the social worker.

Travel and Topography

BLUMEN, JOHN. *Victorian and Edwardian London from Old Photographs*. 208 plates. Batsford, £2.5.

This collection of more than two hundred old and fascinating photographs of streets and people rather than individual buildings is briefly introduced by Sir John Belchem, who also provides the captions. These captions are factual with an occasional music-hall verse or contemporary quotation added and the pictures have been wisely left to evoke their own poignant "nostalgia". The earliest belong to the 1840s, when Fox Talbot recorded old Hungerford Suspension Bridge and the erection of Nelson's Column, and the latest were taken during the first decade of this century when an electric tram might have been seen gliding sedately among the Hansom cabs and the horse-drawn buses.

Many districts are on view: vanished street vendors are here too, selling muffins, mending chairs and umbrellas, grinding organs or enacting Punch-and-Judy shows. The pictures come from many different sources and all are remarkably clear and well chosen. They are straight records rather than conscious compositions, and as a valuable piece of social history the book may be better for that in that it avoids deliberate aesthetic beguilement. A few shots, however, are in an unselfconscious way attractive as pictures, particularly a splendid shot of Park Lane and one or two river scenes.

Sir John allows himself one legitimate lament: "When I look at the noisy muddle at the junctions of Euston Road, Hampstead Road and Tottenham Court Road, at what is now Warren Street Underground Station, as depicted in the photograph and see the useless efficiency of overpasses and underpasses churning in its clouds of diesel through the impersonal slabs which are there now, I realize we have only changed one sort of bad for another sort of bad." As that other, and normally cheerful, lover of London, Samuel Pepys once sadly sighed: "What will be the end of it, God knows."

CACCIA, ANGELA. *Beyond Lake Titicaca*. 221pp. 30 plates. Huddersfield and Slough, £2.5.

When an author says that she went to a Latin American country knowing no Spanish and nothing about South America and then proceeds to write a book about it, the reviewer is entitled to fear that the book will be superficial or ingenuous, or worse. The early pages do give a

little of that impression. All journeys have their discomforts, but the marvellous ride from Antofagasta to La Paz deserves better than Mrs. Caccia gives it.

These, however, are early faults and as Mrs. Caccia gets into her stride our fears are dispelled. She writes with a freshness which on occasion produces outstanding descriptions of people and places—as in the journeys she made with her husband to places outside La Paz like Potosí, Oruro and Sucre. And there are always enough facts to fill in the historical background and increase the value and interest of the description.

How many people know that Rio's Copacabana beach was named after the shrine on the shores of Lake Titicaca? The author is even better with everyday things, like going to market or the details of her servants' private lives.

But she is a little flippant about the revolutions. The first one may be interesting or amusing as a spectacle but, like earthquakes, they get less funny as they are repeated.

This is a pleasant, readable and in places sensitive travel book, well written and aptly illustrated.

REDFERN, ROGER A. *Portrait of the Peninsular*. 192pp. Robert Hale, 30s.

The greater part of the British countryside is now covered by this "Portrait" series, of which more than thirty volumes are in print. This latest one is an introduction to the Peninsular life and scene—lingering notably in Swaledale and Wensleydale, with which the writer is especially intimate. The collection of moorland photographs is contributed by Mr. Hector Kyme.

Wine and Food

BONI, ADV. *Italian Regional Cooking*. 300pp. Nelson, £4.10s.

This book is divided into fourteen sections on the different regions of Italy. The recipes are interesting and varied and enough to convince the most sceptical that Italians have a vast selection of dishes in which pastas and pizzas are only of relative importance. Not many of them are of practical help to the British housewife—or the American one, for that matter, for whom the book seems primarily designed—all quantities being given first in American and then in English with too frequent condescending translations. Few cooks can often be able to attempt the many dishes that call for fresh white truffles (peculiar to Piedmont), frogs' legs, large live snails, wild boar steaks or crustaceans such as squilla mantis. There are, however, a variety of excellent puddings.

The seventy-four pages of colour photographs are of expensive magazine quality and, with about four beautiful exceptions, of a staggering vulgarity. Most of them present a mass of cooked foods arranged in the foreground of a beautiful landscape or famous building of the region in question, with the result that justice is done to neither subject.

GUILLAUME, MONIQUE. *French Cooking Made Easy*. 218pp. Dent, £2.10s.

French Cooking Made Easy begins with an introduction on the mysteries

of French classical cooking, frontispiece surprisingly with a picture of Spanish Paella's chapter on drinks is devoted to Julep, Planters' Punch and Marys, things had to be done in France. The book is thickly larded with the Russian soups, a French Cumberland sauce called "shire", raw Tashkent pork, Chicken Maryland, old English Christmas Pudding, of which seem a far cry from the foreword. As for the foreword, it is really does make good sense, the recipes are practical and easy to follow, but the book would have been accurate without the first.

The book would have been also, without the copy of chapter on "Making a Party", to serve as the drawing-room, but no body wants to be moved to the end of a party practice many of us high hotels. Nor will it be to keep a little book to see successes and failures, as entering them after the gone home. Failures are permanently engraved on the memory of most cooks' memories.

The blurry photographs, pinkish paper, are awful to represent anything at all, drawings, on the other hand, to cook and eat the hare or the enchanting

London Borough of Barking

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Applications are invited for the post of non-resident Deputy Warden of the Black Mountains and other facilities for canoeing, camping, canoeing, hill-walking and pony trekking.

Applicants should have considerable experience of outdoor pursuits, and be suitably qualified to instruct in such activities. Salary will be related to age, qualifications and experience.

Further details of the appointment and application forms may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Education Department, Town Hall, Barking, Essex, to whom completed application forms should be returned before 10th December 1969.

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